


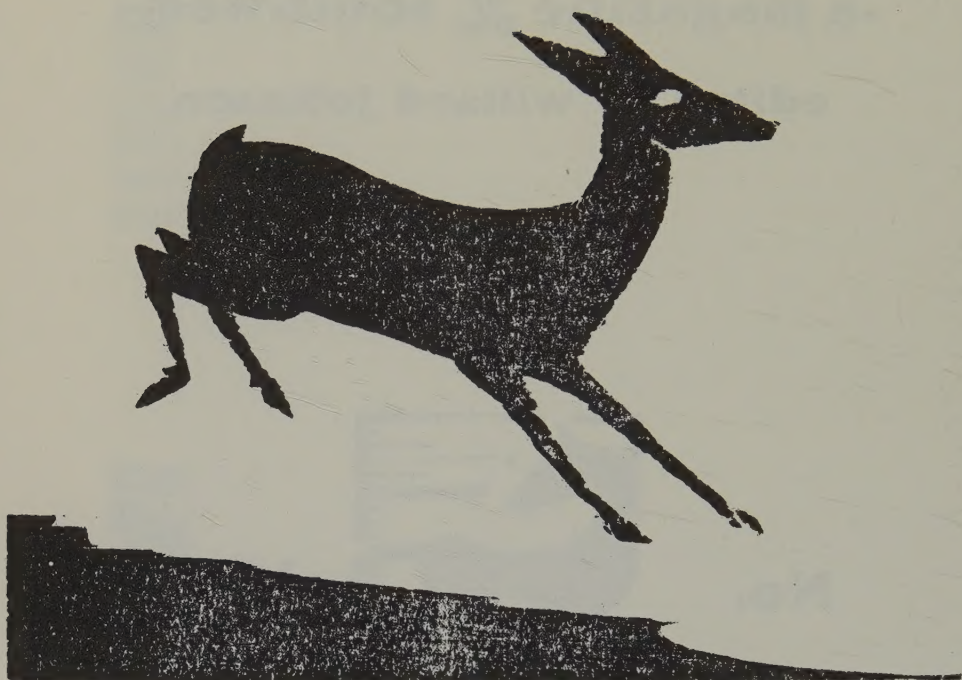
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Fawn

Antonio Archuleta


The Man Who Walked With The Trues

by Mary Austin



IN THE days of the New, there was a man who walked with the Trues and heard what they said. He had lifted the curtain of dark cloud at the doorway of the Dawn, and talked with the Thunder; he walked with the Lightning, and talked with the Twins of War and Chance face to face. No man who has lived since, has understood so much of the Trues, and of their ways with men.


He saw how the Trues wove with men as it were the pattern of a blanket. Of the different sorts of men they wove different patterns, red and yellow and blue, as they had dipped them. But what the pattern would be no man could say until it was finished. According as the Trues had need of men, they took them, and the happiest were those who understood no more than that they were being used. But whether they understood or not, the Trues kept on weaving. This is how they were seen by the man who walked in the days of the New with the people of the Middle Heaven. As he saw, so he taught, so that the people might know themselves in the hands of the Trues and work with them to their own advantage. There was no tribe in those days that prospered more than that




tribe, and the man who walked with the Trues was their chief and their Sun Priest of Souls, receiving honor.

Then there came a day when the Trues planned that their pattern should show how men of great wisdom and unknowing thought could conduct themselves in extremity, and cast about for an example. "Lo," said the Twins of War and Chance, "here is this man who has walked with us." So the Trues reached out and took him. The Sun Priest of Souls, being in great anguish, for the cords of the weaving cut even to the marrow, cried out, "Lords, what have I done to deserve this handling?"

"Did you suppose," said the Trues, "that you were not also a part of the pattern?"



(The preceding and the following stories are more of Mrs. Austin's interpretations of Indian tales which she has called "one-smoke stories" because they are designed by their originators to last only as long as a single ceremonial cigarette. The first group of these tales, together with Mrs. Austin's introduction, were printed in Laughing Horse No. 14, Autumn, 1927.)



Lone Tree


by Mary Austin

Hogan hated the Lone Tree in the same way and for much the same reasons that men occasionally hate their wives.

There was something exasperatingly feminine in the very meagreness of its appeal as it stood tiptoe above Dripping Rock, as inconsequential and as unrelated to the vast empty land as a woman would have been.

Hogan was doing assessment work on the Palimbino for a wage that would set him free for months of prospecting for himself on the streaked flanks of the Carrizal. Hogan had a hunch. Somewhere in that disordered drove of hills he felt gold calling, "Come and find me!" Consequently he hated everything connected with the necessity that held him to the Palimbino. He hated the pale sand with the black rock snaking through it, hated the sun and the moon glare and the clink of his own pick on the country rock; and because it was the only sizeable, living thing on the horizon, he hated the Lone Tree.

Times when he came back to camp, heat crazed and thirsting at every pore of his big body, Hogan could have slapped the little tree for the way it balanced and fluttered in the desert blast, offering its old-maidish, insufficient shade. It had a very woman's trick of spreading its roots about the ledge from under



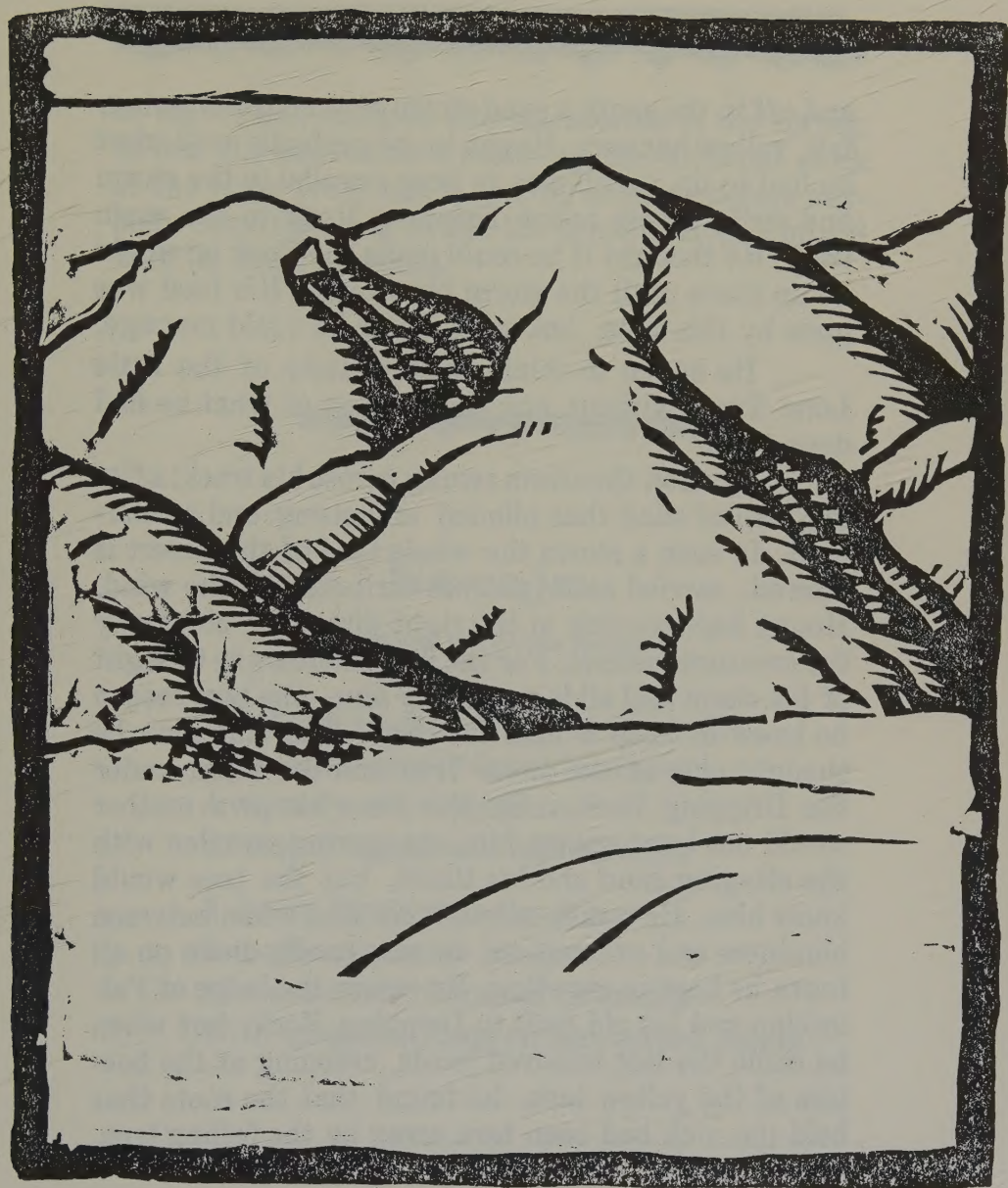
which the water seeped, as though its frail fibers were all that held Dripping Rock in place, and a woman's air of dispensing the spring, which was the only water in a half day's journey, with hospitality. But since in the desert there is a sort of companionship, even in hate, Hogan suffered the Lone Tree until the day that he finished his assessment.

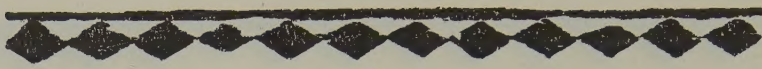
Then he served it as men occassionally do serve a woman whom they have used merely because she is convenient, and not because they have appreciated her. He stuck his pick into the slender trunk, just above the roots, and gave it a savage, dragging pull till the sand and gravel began to come down with it. Then he went away, as men go, without looking back at the Lone Tree leaning over Dripping Rock with all its limbs aghast and its leaves drooped, like a woman fainting.

Hogan prospected the Carrizal according to his hunch. He worked and starved and worked again, for two years. Then with his pockets full of ore he started for Tucson to file on a claim that left him giddy with its promise.

He went by the Palimbino trail where there was water every half day, with three days rations in his pack. But it is three days and a half to Tucson, and Hogan's mind was more occupied with his strike than with the landmarks. At the end of the second day he found himself forty miles out of reckoning.

The season was half way between wet and dry,






and off to the south a sand storm sent up threatening, tall, yellow banners. Hogan knew perfectly well what he had to do, which was to keep parallel to the storm and strike across below Dripping Rock to the main trail. He thought if he could make the Rock he would lie up there until the storm blew over. His food was gone by this time, but with water he could manage.

He began to think affectionately of the little Lone Tree, without any recollection of what he had done to it.

By noon the storm swung across his track; a flying wall of sand that blinded and stung and smothered. In such a storm the whole face of the desert is altered, carried aloft and redistributed by the wind. Hogan kept moving in the right direction, chiefly by the creature instinct. For the first six hours he thought of his claim and all it would buy him—the best reason he knew to keep a man moving. The last four he thought only of the Lone Tree and the water under the Dripping Rock. By this time his own mother would not have known him, staggering, swollen with the stinging sand and his thirst, but the tree would know him. He was so sure of this that when between blindness and exhaustion, he was finally down on all fours, he kept on crawling. He struck the ledge of Palimbino and his old trail to Dripping Rock; but when he came the last hundred yards, creeping at the bottom of the yellow lurk, he found that the roots that held the rock had been torn away by the falling tree,




so that it had dropped into the sources of the spring.
Across the sand choked basin lay the withered stock
of the Lone Tree, but it was three years before any-
body came that way to find the bones of Hogan mixed
with its stark branches.

Navajo

by John Ganson Evans

Turquoise rings on sun-burned hands;
A parching breath from desert lands;
A mystery of purple haze,
Of empty nights and endless days.

A lonely figure near the sky,
Something quiet in his eye:
Alone, remote, untamed he stands —
With turquoise rings on sun-burned hands.



A Note On The Princess Maimonides

by Paul Horgan

IT IS NOW over ten years since that unhappy woman known to the world as the Princess Badalona Maimonides (but to herself—and a certain M. Julien Coeur—as the Willow of Pursuit) laid away her jewels and her trains to follow, in her own auric fragment of Portugal, the rhapsodic profession of vestment-maker to the Cardinals. It will be remembered that Madame la Princesse startled the world (in 1912 and 1913) by turning as a convert to the Roman Church, and that, by her unexampled diligence in serving her new Master in various surprising ways, she earned the bestowal of the Golden Rose by the Pontiff. Friends of the Princess were astounded to see her crumble into nervous invalidism after the investiture—despite her many avowals that her life's ambition (save one...) had been to achieve the Rose.

In 1915, Madame Maimonides, accompanying her friend Madame Lolita Goepl, the contralto, to a sea-coast hamlet of Normandy (she always had a passion for sea-coast towns) there met, through her predatory companion, M. Julien Coeur. She offered, at once, to renounce her wealth, titles and position if M. Julien would take her to bride. But the famously handsome young man refused until she agreed to purchase him the rank of Vicomte. Then they were married. Friends of the Princess will recall the unhappy



Portrait of Madame Maimonides
- from memory -

Designed by Paul Horgan
Engraved by Frederick Stevenson


disclosure (and thus treachery was added to the catalogue of woes she had borne) immediately after the ceremony, that Madame Goepl was already a wife of M. Coeur, and not formally divorced from him. Then it was, with an again broken heart and a brow full of reproaches, that Madame Maimonides retired to her Portuguese nunnery—where, I am told, court life is revived in the etiquette and the splendour of her establishment. She is known as Mother Ursula, and has widely collected many (not quite eleven thousand) virgins.

She was in America for the last time in 1912, when I met her in San Francisco. I remember her saying to me then, at a certain dinner,

“How I hate to wear tiaras! I am only waiting for some dear someone to lift mine off . . . ” (It was a pagoda of unbelievable emeralds.)

After that, she laughed. And after that she told me she intended never to marry, tears of chagrin and confusion entering her pale, vivacious eyes to brood sorrowfully upon her needs, and her wishes, and her parched destiny.

Her vestments are sewn with her own pearls, and I must feel that she brooders patterns whose wistfulness would amaze the Bishops could they feel the inner heat of those arrangements of silver sequins, and emeralds, and golden wire, and stifled doubtfulness, warm with conjecture.



It Is Not Spring

by Hilda Brann Boulton

It is not Spring
Where I am,
On this desert
Of sun and sand.

It is only Spring
Where white lilacs
Lift up their cool blossoms
And where one may wander
In rapture,
Through an orchard
Of apple tree bloom.

It is only Spring
Where a river
Reflects
The soft green of the trees,
And where one goes home
In the evening,
Carrying in triumph
Wild strawberries
In a nest of dark leaves.

It is not Spring
Where I am,
On this desert
Of sun and sand.




The Indian Poet and His Song

by Nellie Barnes

ANYONE with a quick ear for music may sit near a pueblo bridge on a summer evening and learn the native rhythms and melodies by listening as the Indians sing to the soft obligato of the mountain stream which sweeps away to the arid lands below. But the venture of the student of music is easier than that of the student of poetry, whose discoveries are the rare, if precious, essence of Indian thought; for these evening songs are likely to be without words, the mere pulsing of "ah-hai ah-hai e-yah" through receding cadences. Song-poems are more often sung in the secret ceremonies, and must be learned from individual singers who have patience enough to act as tutors.


It is not strange that, in spite of the growing interest in American Indian music for several decades, there has been slight notice of Indian poetry for more than a single decade, perhaps, and that the Indian poet still remains an unknown figure to almost all those outside a small group of ethnologists. Nor is it strange that composers of lyrics should be less known than their works, reticent as they are regarding their beliefs. Yet among Indian singers there has been a courtesy which recognizes the name of the composer so long as tradition bears it, and always the name of the tribe from which a song comes.



As a white student taught by Indians, a last listener in the long sequence of tradition, I venture to speak of verse that has never been written down until now. A Pueblo Indian's remembered lore is his "five foot shelf"; hence the personal recognition which he grants to a singer is a kind of copyright. Since this recognition is everywhere to be found among the pueblos, one may conclude that Indian lyrics in this region are of individual, not of group origin.

Authorship is primarily individual, even of ceremonial songs which take the name of the clan. The best singer in a group is chosen to prepare a new song for an important occasion. He first composes his melody as he goes about his work, and sings it with vocables, "he-ye-ah," until it is complete. He then creates a poem suitable for the occasion, carefully fitting it to the rhythm and cadence of his melody; for the words must be pleasing when sung to the music, or "must 'carry on' with the tune", as Rafael once explained. When the lyric is completed, the composer then sings it before his fellows in order to receive their criticism. He modifies a word here, a phrase there, until the group considers the words and music entirely suited; and from that moment of acceptance, the song receives the name of the organization. This type of song alone ceases to bear the name of the individual poet-musician; and acknowledgment for its use must hence-forth be paid to the clan.

So strict was the courtesy of older times that



a tribe or individual not only acknowledged authorship but also paid another for the privilege of learning a song. Ceremonial songs were obviously better protected than those of a secular nature; and tribal ownership of a ceremony might be acknowledged in a practical way. Not many years ago, one tribe found blight in the grain fields. It finally invited a neighboring pueblo to conduct a ceremonial to destroy the blight; and it is said the visitors were well paid for their successful performance.


The general practice of paying for the use of songs apparently has died out in the region of the Rio Grande; though Juan has told me of long nights by the mountain stream, when he taught his songs to Antonio as long as Antonio's gifts of tobacco held out. As a student with both these singers, I am inclined to think that Juan's story is true; for across a span of years, broken by my long absences, I have had some identical songs from the two. The strictest etiquette forbade me to tell one teacher what another had taught me; and caution forbade one man to tell another that he was revealing anything sacred to a white person. Then, too, Antonio was dead when Juan came to be my teacher.

As to all secular poetry, or even sacred verse of earlier times, these men were careful to give the sources. Both were proud that they had learned their best songs from the famous older singer Santiago, when they were nine or ten years old; and that time was,



Corn Maiden


Elsa Vorhaus



by the white man's count, not less than fifty years ago. Among other singers who have advised my studies of poetry was a relative of the famous Santiago, the greatest poet and musician within the tradition of his tribe. His only rival for fame, so far as I can discover, is the Hopi singer who is said to have composed seven hundred songs.

Besides these great poets, many a lesser known singer has been recognized. Perhaps a returning warrior once came ahead of his tribesmen to announce their victory; and when he came to the crossroads outside his pueblo, he began his impromptu song for all the friends and kinsmen who had come to greet him. Living singers mention such an occasion with awe, though they only dimly remember the song and the name of the warrior.


In such a fashion, lyrics can be traced back definitely to composers who sang fifty to a hundred years ago; but there tradition begins to waver. The proudest boast is of the ceremonial songs taught to the tribe by the "Ancients" who planned their way of life wisely for mortals. These songs are timeless fragments of unremembered ceremonies; even the words are of a speech no longer heard in the pueblo. "The meaning is thought to be so—," the Indian tutor will say, and one cannot go back of that teaching—archaic words of almost forgotten songs. The poems are sacred and old. What better poets may be named than the gods themselves?



With all the lore that gathers around a song in its travels from one generation to another, there persists this effort to give recognition of original ownership or composition within the tribe—even to the first fathers, as I have shown—and of origin in another tribe, if the song is borrowed. But even then the song, or dance, is acknowledged as the property of the person who learned it and brought it home. If other men wish to use it, they join the performer; but, out of courtesy, do not resort to it otherwise.

In time, to be sure, tradition loses the name of the composer; but it retains the story of the origin, or the occasion out of which the song grew — some high moment of personal experience or an heroic tale of the hunt or of battle.

So far have customs broken down that a visiting Indian singer was permitted to join the chorus at a recent Corn Dance. Indeed, the recollection of both occasions and composers is fading today; because transmission among the younger men is now by "listening in," not by gifts in the old way, as some well known singer performs. In the evening, the Indian Homer will stretch out half reclining on the floor, or sit by the fire singing his lyrics again and again. His listeners follow until they, too, can sing with the composer. Songs spread through many tribes in this manner; and the new singer acknowledges only the tribal origin, rather than the individual composer of his latest song



“hit”. So it happens that the student will find in his collection songs of related dialects; and the definite traditional record is lost, too often even of phrase and of rhythm.

The effect of this loss of personal recognition upon the Indian poet will be interesting to follow. One can only hope that he will eventually consent to the publication of his work; since the young Indian potter, weaver, and painter will find everywhere in the museums rare antique collections of their arts — but the new poet will find little of his ancient heritage of verse preserved.


Some of the older men think that publication must be withheld until pueblo lands are allotted in severalty; for the way of the progressive Indian is unbelievably hard when he seeks to record the lore of his people. The more ignorant and superstitious of his tribe cannot understand his purpose in recording a ceremony or song that it may be preserved accurately for later generations of Indians. The result is persecution of the “disloyal” individual who is likely to be one of the most intelligent and best informed of the group. There can be no growth of the tribe under such conditions.

In some pueblos, it is reported that no new ceremonial songs, whatever, are being composed and that there have been none for a very long time. This stage marks, then, the end of the old creative period. What




Indian Warrior

Pedro Barela



of the new? Unquestionably the old ceremonial songs are the most beautiful Indian poems. The young Indian singer can never compose his best work in the white man's way. He must use the imagery, the symbolism, and the rhythm of his own people, and develop in the noblest Indian fashion to produce real poetry.

But with tradition losing ground, where shall the composer find direction? Unfortunately, many of the progressive young Indians have recognized no value in the old songs and dances; because they have broken with the old ceremonial ways and beliefs on religious grounds and have not yet rediscovered them as artistic productions. Against such a hope of discovery, there should be gathered a store of traditional verse which will yield full honor to the Indian poets of earlier days and awakening to those of coming times.



Zuni Mask

The black of silence was over his mouth;
But the yellow and green of light and life
Was painted around his eyes . . .



I Say to a Mexican Friend

by Idella Purnell

Friend, put away your guitar,
The moon is exciting, I know,
But I cannot give leave for your love
On the road I must go.

I could wed you—but I should repent it.
Your devotion would wax and would wane,
And I, in its moon-night and sunlight,
Would weep for my fog and rain.

So, my friend, take up your guitar,
And sing me a gayer tune,
A song with a snap of the fingers—
But leave out the love and the moon !

Susan, the Cow

by D. H. Lawrence

(From "... Love Was Once a Little Boy.")


How can I equilibrate myself with my black cow Susan? I call her daily at six o'clock. And sometimes she comes. But sometimes, again, she doesn't, and I have to hunt her away among the timber. Possibly she is lying peacefully in cowy inertia, like a black Hindu statue, among the oak-scrub. Then she rises with a sighing heave. My calling was a mere nothing against the black stillness of her cowy passivity.

Or possibly she is away down in the bottom corner, lowing sotto voce and blindly to some far-off bull. Then, when I call at her, and approach, she screws round her tail and flings her sharp, elastic haunch in the air with a kick and a flick, and plunges off like a buck rabbit, or like a black demon among the pine trees, her udder swinging like a chime of bells. Or possibly the coyotes have been howling in the night along the top fence. And then I call in vain. It's a question of saddling a horse and sifting the bottom timber. And there at last the horse suddenly winces, starts: and with a certain pang of fear I too catch sight of something black and motionless and alive, and terribly silent, among the tree-trunks. It is Susan, her ears apart, standing like some spider suspended



Lawrence and Susan

Dorothy Brett



motionless by a thread, from the web of the eternal silence. The strange faculty she has, cow-given, of becoming a suspended ghost, hidden in the very crevices of the atmosphere! It is something in her will. It is her tarnhelm. And then, she doesn't know me. If I am afoot, she knows my voice, but not the advancing me, in a blue shirt and cord trousers. She waits, suspended by the thread, till I come close. Then she reaches forward her nose, to smell. She smells my hand: gives a little snort, exhaling her breath, with a kind of contempt, turns, and ambles up towards the homestead, perfectly assured. If I am on horse-back, although she knows the grey horse perfectly well, at the same time she doesn't know what it is. She waits till the wicked Azul, who is a born cow-punching pony, advances mischievously at her. Then round she swings, as if on the blast of some sudden wind, and with her ears back, her head rather down, her black back curved, up she goes, through the timber, with surprising, swimming swiftness. And the Azul, snorting with jolly mischief, dashes after her. And when she is safely in her milking place, still she watches with her great black eyes as I dismount. And she has to smell my hand before the cowy peace of being milked enters her blood. Till then, there is something roaring in the chaos of her universe. When her cowy peace comes, then her universe is silent, and like the sea with an even tide, without sail or smoke: nothing.

That is Susan, my black cow.

And how am I going to equilibrate myself with her ? Or even, if you prefer the word, to get in harmony with her ?

Equilibrium ? Harmony ? With that black blossom ?

Try it !



The preceding fragment is reprinted — for the sake of illustrating Miss Brett's illustration — from one of the essays in "Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine" (The Centaur Press, Philadelphia) without anyone's permission. — Editor.



A Note on Lizzards' Feet

by James T. Van Rensselaer

Out on the desert
Where the sand are hot,
The lizzards don't walk—
They gallop or trot.

And you would too,
For it ain't so sweet
To have the old sand
A burning your feet.

Oh, a lizzard's feet
Is tender things,
And it wouldn't of hurt God
To give 'em all wings !



Bronco

by Pedro Barela



The Sun

by Jaime d'Angulo

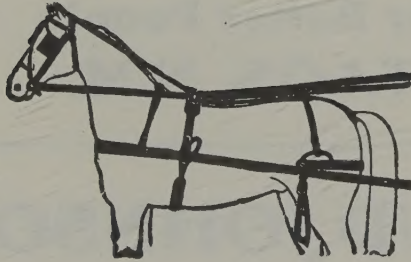
One of the Indians said to me the other day, "White men think the Sun is nothing but a shining plate!" I wish I could reproduce all the sarcasm, all the contempt there was in that remark, But perhaps that wouldn't do any good. I myself have re-become a primitive, partly, and so I feel, like the Indian, how extraordinarily ignorant and stupid the white man is in everything that is not purely concrete. The Indian feels this way: there is no use showing him, he will just laugh, like an idiot.

But of course I am prejudiced. To me the Sun is a symbol, the real expression of something, of a Thing, vast and real, that has been before, and will be, as well as is now. A Thing which I do not comprehend in its totality, only certain aspects of it, although I am aware of it, confusedly; a Thing older than man, older than the earth, older than the Sun itself, the Sun is only one concrete form of it. It is a terrific thing, part of which is in me, in my phallus, part of it in my head. It is terrible, awesome, also full of love and kindness; it is full of splendour, above all, splendid. It is fire, but it is different from fire. Fire is part of it, but it is more than fire. Fire is dangerous and devouring and can destroy—not the Sun. He is always a Father, he can only do good. I can't tell all I feel,

no—I think—no, it's neither thinking, nor feeling. I can't express it, because I cannot form any image of it, although there certainly is a relation between me and it. And however much of it I will get expressed in my mind, there will always be a fathomless mass of it receding from my knowledge, like a mirage.

I adore the Sun, really, and if at the next Sun Dance the Indians will let me, I will dance with them, all day; I will stamp from one foot to the other; I will lose myself in the Sun.

That's why I feel that the physicist who knows all the chemical elements that enter into the composition of the Sun, is about as well informed as my horse.




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